UNITY

FREEDOM FELLOWSHIP AND CHARACTER IN RELIGION

(Jenkin Lloyd Jones, Editor 1880-1918)

Editors

John Haynes Holmes Francis Neilson

The Dilemma of Racial Judgments

By CLARENCE R. SKINNER

George MacDonald

A Centenary Address

By WALTER WALSH

American Notes

By SYDNEY STRONG

VOLUME XCIV NUMBER 19

Chicago, January 26, 1925

PUBLISHED WEEKLY

UNITY

(Established 1878)

Subscription, $3.00 per Annum

A Journal of the Religion of Democracy

JOHN HAYNES HOLMES : *Editors* : FRANCIS NEILSON

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Vol. 1 March 1, 1878 No. 1

THE

Pamphlet Mission

FOR

FREEDOM, FELLOWSHIP & CHARACTER

IN

RELIGION.

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PUBLISHED SEMI-MONTHLY AT 65 WASHINGTON ST., CHICAGO.
Per Year, $1.50. Single Number, 10 Cents.

FRANCIS L. ROBERTS, 65 Washington St., Chicago, - Business Agent.
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"Entered as Second-Class Matter, January 12, 1899, at the Postoffice at Chicago, Illinois, under Act of March 3, 1879"

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UNITY

"HE HATH MADE OF ONE ALL NATIONS OF MEN"

VOLUME XCIV | MONDAY, JANUARY 26, 1925 | NUMBER 19

"When, as so often nowadays, I come upon the lofty contemptuous horror of war professed by Superior People . . I fear I am overcome by nausea. For where were these Superior People in 1914? They write in the very organs of public opinion which a few years ago were the resonant mouthpieces of War and Patriotism, the glorification of ourselves and the vilification of our enemies, and the tone of the voice, the turns of the phrasing, the complacency of superiority, are all the same. War today is neither better nor worse than it has ever been, merely a little more intensive because of our increased skill and a little more extensive because of the increased swarming of our much multiplied race. Long before this last war there were those who knew and struggled with the problems of this evil thing and used their little strength to try to mould the world betimes that it might be eliminated. No man marked. And now this empty chaff of Superior People, that was blown along so gaily and irresponsibly when the wind of war raged, is blown along just as gaily and irresponsibly now when the wind is changed, with never a glimmering sense of its own imbecility. . . . One cannot help feeling that it might be better . . . if the Superior People . . . were HONEST Fools. 'We shout for peace today,' they might then tell us, 'we are all Pacifists just now. But wait a while. The day will come. Once more we shall shout for War as in 1914. Once more we shall joyfully send our Heroes to glory and erect hideous memorials to them afterwards. Once more we shall raise the banner of the War-to-end-War. Once more we shall cast the Poison-Gas of our hatred over the world.' That would be folly, but it would be honest folly. It would be the true prophecy of men who knew themselves."

—*Havelock Ellis,* in "Impressions and Comments."

One of the fundamentals to which we may dig down and get anchored, is respect for life. It must be that type of respect which includes reverence. The plans, schemes, and formulas which are in so many heads and on so many lips today include almost everything except respect for people. "Put it through" and "Send it over" are fine shibboleths, but they reveal an absence of any real respect for those for whom "it" is put through, or sent over. We might get on a bit faster if some of us were more willing to let the slower processes of education and development have a chance rather than by threatenings and cajolings to get laws passed that the people do not want or understand. Education had better go a bit before rather than after law-making.

The retirement of Mr. Hughes from the office of Secretary of State is an event so welcome that we find ourselves altogether indifferent to the question of his successor, Mr. Kellogg. The very selection of this latter gentleman is all the evidence we need that President Coolidge proposes to be his own foreign minister, and this is excellent. For the President has found the mind of Senator Borah, knows its greatness and integrity, and now has cleared the way for co-operation with it. Indeed it looks to us as though the President, finding it impossible to get the Senator into his cabinet, had taken this drastic method of making the Chairman of the Senate Foreign Relations Committee his chief advisor in international affairs. Certain it is that there was a complete deadlock between Secretary Hughes and Senator Borah, which portended no good for the administration. Under Hughes's direction of the State Department the most abominable ends of political, military and financial imperialism were triumphantly served. Russia was outlawed, Mexico thwarted, the European conspiracies of the international bankers sustained, the iron hand of tyranny and exploitation laid upon Haiti, Santo Domingo and the helpless peoples generally of the Caribbean. It is a shameful record, with little compensation in the pretentious but feeble gesture of the Washington Conference. To everything represented by the Hughes policies, of course, Senator Borah was opposed. This meant a crisis the moment Senator Lodge drew his last breath—and now most happily has the crisis been resolved in favor not of the Secretary but of the Senator. We congratulate the President. He is wise—and his luck does not desert him.

We find it difficult to restrain our enthusiasm over President Coolidge's recent action in vetoing the efforts of the naval men in Washington to secure an appropriation for the elevation of gun turrets on American battleships. This proposal has been in the air for a long period of time. It goes way back, of course, to the Washington Conference when an exact ratio of naval strength was established between England, America and Japan on the basis of battleship tonnage. Debarred from the business of building ever more and larger battleships in competition with other powers, the big navy men proceeded to hunt out other fields of development which would allow the old time struggle for supremacy to go on. They found what they were looking for in

this technical question of gun elevation. Loud and shrill have been the cries these many months that the British battleships could outshoot us because of the long range of their batteries due to superior elevation. Had these cries been listened to the old competitive struggle would have been on, and thus whatever little good was accomplished by the Washington Conference nullified. Now the President has stepped in and squelched the agitation for good and all. The President refuses to believe that the technical point of gun elevation is of prime importance. He rises above all such considerations. What is involved, he intimates, is a proposal to support anew the old competition in naval armaments and thus stir up that sensitive and excited condition of the public mind which leads sooner or later to war. The letter of the Treaty, he declares, may allow the United States to elevate its guns on battleships, but the spirit of this Treaty forbids it! This is a superb point well stated. We have never taken the Washington Conference too seriously and have never believed that its action in regard to such obsolete things as battleships was of any great importance. The President's attitude here is vital not because of anything involved in the detail of gun elevation, but because of its revelation of the President's mind and spirit. It is plain that he has no ideal of being fooled by the military and naval men, and does not propose to play their game. We differ with the President on many things, but we feel ready to pardon him everything for his state of mind as thus revealed by the problem of armaments.

Indications multiply that the enforcement of prohibition is enterng upon a new and much more drastic stage. The impudent flouting of law and Constitution by a certain minority group of the nation has apparently reached the limit of indecency and chaos. The President, for example, is showing a determination and rigor which are putting the "wets" to confusion. Events in Massachusetts and New Jersey demonstrate that federal officials who fail to use the full power of government in support of prohibition, will be ousted without warning and "dry" successors put in their places. Mr. Coolidge plainly means business, and his influence and authority are immense. The patroling of frontiers and coast lines is rapidly improving in efficiency. The fast boats, now going one by one into service off New York harbor, for example, must soon make smuggling in this locality so hazardous as to be unprofitable. The manufacture of "hooch" has proceeded with little interruption in recent years, but the end is in sight with the discovery of the dependence of this industry upon the release through fraudulent permits of industrial alcohol. The Citizens Committee of One Thousand for Law Enforcement represents an aroused public sentiment which must soon express itself in drastic legislation and improved administration. Reports from the colleges are encouraging—students are passing out of the stage where it is "the thing" to drink and into the stage where it is "the thing" to be sober and thus respectable. What we need in this case, as in all such cases, is *time*—time to discover the nature of the problem and to develop forces adequate to meet it. In itself the suppression of liquor is easy; unlike drugs, for example, liquor has enormous weight and bulk, and thus cannot be hidden. But the problem is as new as the Amendment, and thus requires time for its solution. One of the most successful prohibitory measures ever passed was Wilberforce's immortal law abolishing the African slave-trade. This law was enacted in 1807; the slave-trade was not finally swept away until 1842. But it *was* SWEPT AWAY!

While the MacDonald government was in power in England, we made it a practise, as our readers will remember, to "keep tab" on the things that were being done, good and bad. Until those woeful mistakes which wrecked the Labor ministry at the end, the balance was overwhelmingly on the side of good. Not so is it with the Baldwin government! Since the Tories took office some weeks ago, we can find only one action to praise—the decision to allow the British war-archives to be opened, and a selection from among them to be published, by so renowned and impartial a scholar as Professor Gooch. Aside from this, everything else done by Mr. Baldwin and his colleagues seems to us to be deplorable. Look at the record! First, there is the resumption of the plan for the Singapore naval base, which was discarded by MacDonald the moment he gained the seat of power. Next comes the repudiation of the Russian treaty, though it is to be noted that recognition of the Soviets has not been withdrawn. Then there is the official opposition of the government to the acceptance by the League of Nations of the treaty offered by the Irish Free State for registration and publication. The disingenuous if not dishonest imposition of protective duties, after an election pledge not to use a political victory for tariff legislation, is an important item in the record. Most dreadful of all is the Egyptian episode which has given the League of Nations a fatal blow, and shown British imperialism at its very worst. And lastly (to date) is the Cologne affair, in which England joins France in a deliberate violation of the Versailles Treaty which is worse than anything done or even alleged to have been done by Germany. This is a gruesome list of misdeeds; we tremble when we think of what may be before us in the next few months. But the English made this bed, and now they must lie in it. The pity of it is that the rest of the world must share the bed, and thus as bed-fellows willy-nilly take the consequences.

The story from Moscow that the Soviet government through its theatrical censorship bureau, has suppressed the run of Bernard Shaw's "Saint Joan" at the Kamerny Theatre, in reprisal for Shaw's impolite remarks about the Bolshevik propaganda policy in foreign countries, presents an interesting illustration of how to test the news that comes out of Russia. Every friend of the Soviets would wish that this dispatch, like myriads of other dispatches, were untrue. Certainly the Moscow government never did a sillier thing, to say nothing of the serious aspects of denying to Moscow audiences a view of Shaw's great masterpiece, than suppressing this play, if they did suppress it. The thing is so ridiculous and such a reflection on the intelligence of the Communist leaders that our whole desire is to brand it as a falsehood. Yet we believe that the report is true! In the first place, the report comes direct from Moscow through the Russian correspondent of the London *Morning Post*. It is an invariable rule that we must reject dispatches that come from Riga, Warsaw, Helsingfors, about what is going on in Moscow. But when a story comes from Moscow direct, through a responsible correspondent, one must believe that there is a chance at least that it is true. Secondly, and more important, this story runs true to human nature. This is just the sort of thing that government officials have done since the beginning of the world, and are still doing. Men clothed with authority in Moscow are in all probability much like men clothed with authority in Paris, London and New York. Human nature, in other words, runs true to form. Put it into the midst of the same set of circumstances, expose it to the same temptations, and it invariably acts the same way. This is the reason why it is certain that Allied atrocities matched German atrocities in the Great War. This is the reason why we must believe that Russian idiots have done the same thing to Shaw's drama that American idiots would do under the same conditions if they had the same power. We therefore most regretfully believe this story, and set it down as one more lesson on the folly of governments and the evils of censorships.

Mahatma Gandhi writes in *Young India* (December 11th) in regard to a rumor that he is planning to visit Germany or Russia. His denial of any such intention is emphatic, and based on that wisdom of understanding and spirit which is so marvellously a quality of his being.

"I am conscious of the fact," he says, "that the truth for which I stand has not yet been fully accepted in India. It has not yet been fully vindicated. My work in India is still in the experimental stage. In such circumstances any foreign adventure on my part would be altogether premature. I should be fully satisfied if the experiment demonstrably succeeds in India."

Happy the man who knows his work, and the place thereof! In especial reference to Russia, Gandhi speaks of Bolshevism, and states his opinion as follows:

I am yet ignorant of what exactly Bolshevism is. I have not been able to study it. I do not know whether it is for the good of Russia in the long run. But I do know that in so far as it is based on violence and denial of God, it repels me. I do not believe in short-violent-cuts to success. Those Bolshevik friends who are bestowing their attention on me should realize that however much I may sympathize with and admire worthy motives, I am an uncompromising opponent of violent methods even to serve the noblest of causes. There is therefore really no meeting ground between the school of violence and myself. But my creed of non-violence not only does not preclude me but compels me even to associate with anarchists and all those who believe in violence. But that association is always with the sole object of weaning them from what appears to me to be their error. For experience convinces me that permanent good can never be the outcome of untruth and violence. Even if my belief is a fond delusion, it will be admitted that it is a fascinating delusion.

Note first of all, in this statement, Gandhi's humility, and his refusal to pass judgment. He does "not know whether it (Bolshevism) is for the good of Russia in the long run"—a lack of information which could be readily supplied by millions of people in this country, especially newspaper editors and politicians! Next note Gandhi's clear, uncompromising repudiation of "violent methods even to serve the noblest causes." He here separates the evil from the good of Bolshevism, the chaff from the wheat, and does it without any sacrifice of the wheat! The vast majority of Americans, and of other people throughout the world, would throw everything away in Bolshevist Russia, pitch out the baby with the bath, abandon all that the revolution has accomplished and return to former days, just for the sake of getting rid of those aspects of the existing regime which we most regret. But not so Gandhi! He seeks first of all to understand, then to separate the evil from the good, and then to foster the good. It is Jesus's great principle all over again as stated in the parable of the wheat and the tares. "And the servants say unto him, Wilt thou that we go and gather them up (the tares)? But he saith, Nay; lest haply while ye gather up the tares, ye root up the wheat with them. Let both grow together until the harvest: and in the time of the harvest I will say to the reapers, Gather up first the tares, and bind them in bundles to burn them; but gather the wheat into my barns."

Modern attacks on democracy generally use the nomenclature of science. Of late biology has furnished the verbal weapons for the onslaught, and in the minds of some recent critics of democracy, like Mr. Albert Edward Wiggam, who wrote "The New Decalogue of Science," all problems of life primarily belong to biology. The assumption may have a great deal of truth in it but when the conclusion is drawn that the upper ten in wealth and social position are carriers of the very best protoplasm, that these are the real aristocracy, we confess to having doubts. It is an old argument that we have survived, therefore we are fit! There may be human qualities that are socially more useful than those which enable some men to become millionaires or some women society leaders.

The Dilemma of Racial Judgments

Despite two thousand years of the admonition to "judge not," we are still as busy as ever at the process of making and enforcing judgment. Perhaps the command which Jesus laid upon his disciples was one of those impossible counsels of perfection which great ethical teachers sometimes urge upon their people, commands which, taken in their absolute sense, have no basis in the constitution of human nature. If this be so, the persistence of judgments can be explained on the ground that human beings will always pass judgment because they have to. It is a necessary part of our psychology, and the moral injunction of Jesus will never be obeyed.

Or, on the other hand, it may be that Jesus did not mean to have this precept applied universally; but that he was addressing a small group of persons for a particular purpose, and he meant only a particularistic application of this principle. That is possible. But it is also possible to say this of almost any of the moral laws which Jesus enunciated, and thus to excuse ourselves from the necessity of obeying any of the commands. There is a decided tendency today in ethical science to judge all action in particularistic terms, rather than compelling the individual to fit the Procrustean bed of universal law. Perhaps this is as it should be.

But at any rate, it is peculiarly interesting to study the process of judgment when applied to race, and to see the dangers which accompany such judgments. It is almost unnecessary to say that there never was a time when judgments about races and nations have been more rife, and when they have done more harm, by their bitterness, or by their unscientific character. If we cannot convince the world that the command of Jesus is sound, we can at least try to show how unsound are the great majority of inferences drawn by most people, especially when dealing with masses.

When we analyze the grounds for our deductions about such peoples as Jesus, Negroes, Germans, Russians, "Dagos," etc., we usually find what Walter Lippman calls the "stereotype" or "picture in the back of our heads" which does our thinking for us. And when we examine these pictures, we find that they present a dilemma from which it is exceedingly hard to escape.

In the first place, when the word Jew, Negro, or German is spoken, and we pause to think of the significance of the word, we may see the picture of a single person who represents each of these peoples;—some person with whom we are acquainted, or whose picture we have seen. If this is what happens in the mind of any person who judges his fellow men, his inferences are obviously unscientific, for he has drawn a universal conclusion from inadequate premises. If, instead of one picture, we see before our mind's eye a dozen—a score of people who for us represent the entire race, we are still in possession of entirely inadequate data for judgment. It is a danger frought with terrible consequences, if we say that Russians, or Turks or Bulgarians are what a few representatives of these people seem to us to be.

Let us make a personal application of this process of thought. Let us suppose that some foreigner happens to have met six persons from America rushing through the Louvre on a Cook's tour, or dining and gambling at Monte Carlo. Are *you* as an individual American willing to be judged by the characteristics which these persons happen to possess? Are these characteristics representative of all Americans? Obviously not. And yet millions of people the world over, form their mental pictures of races and nations from just such casual and inadequate material.

Therefore one horn of the dilemma is—if we judge peoples by the character of a few persons we are *bound* to arrive at a wrong judgment.

The other horn of the dilemma consists of forming the composite picture which is an attempt to put together into one stereotype, all the characteristics belonging to all the individuals in any racial category. Specifically, the process is something like this: We think of *all* Jews, we note the characteristics which belong to them *all,* we put them all together, then we mentally photograph the mass. The result is our "picture in the head," and that is the picture which arises when some people speak the word "Jew," "German," etc.

This may seem to be a more scientific process than the first, but it isn't. In the first place, it is absolutely impossible to think of the characteristics belonging to *all* the people of a race. No person can know more than a small fraction of a race, and when he tries to make a composite, he utterly fails. What he does is to think of characteristics which he imagines belong to the whole group. And this process of imagining will inevitably go wrong in such matters where prejudices are strong.

But suppose we were able to make a composite of all Bulgarians or Turks,—a true picture,—would this be true of any individual? It would lead us into that old fallacy of the "averge man" who never existed, does not exist, and never will exist. The composite or the average is a mere statistical convenience, but when it comes to dealing with the realities of human life, it is grossly misleading.

Again, make the personal application,—would a true picture of all Americans be a true picture of you? It would fail to represent you by just those qualities that make you what you are as an individual,—those unique and personal characteristics which are impossible of duplication and which cannot be made universal.

Here again is the second horn of the dilemma,—if

we think of races or nations in terms of stereotype composites, the pictures must be wrong, because they try to represent what does not exist, and they fail to represent what actually does exist—all the individuals composing the group.

The dilemma, then, is this: If we judge a race by the individuals we know, we must do an injustice to those whom we do not know. On the other hand, if we judge the individual by the characteristics common to all, we do an injustice to those individuals who differ from the entire mass.

"Judge not." Perhaps this is a counsel of perfection which human beings can never follow because they are human beings. Perhaps it is a law or command which was never meant to have universal application. Perhaps. But the dangers of judgment are terrific, and their fruits are apt to be strife, prejudice, hate, war.

CLARENCE R. SKINNER.

Jottings

Havelock Ellis has been described by H. L. Mencken as "the most civilized Englishman living to-day." We believe that this is a correct judgment; therefore do we commend to our readers the series of quotations from Mr. Ellis's last book now appearing from week to week at the head of our editorial columns.

The Arbitrator refers to UNITY in a recent issue as "the best pacifist paper in the country," and referring to our discussion of the Geneva Protocol adds that "those who wish to see all questions, including religion, discussed in the same clear-visioned manner should subscribe to UNITY." It believes in us so much that it offers an inducement for subscriptions—"If the remittance is made through us," says the Editor, "a subscription to the *Arbitrator* will be included." This is a real inducement, as these words from such a source are real compliments. We have praised the *Arbitrator* and quoted from it before this. Get a sample copy—114 East 31st Street, New York—and then subscribe!

The Second Unitarian Church in Brooklyn and the Camp Congregational Church in New York have closed their doors for good. The Church of the Heavenly Rest (Episcopal) in New York has sold its property and will consolidate with another Episcopal church in the spring. Yet there are more people in Manhattan and Brooklyn than ever before! What's the matter?

An extract from a letter from a subscriber in Montana—"Personally I am a LaFollette Democrat, think President Wilson the greatest American except Benjamin Franklin . . . but I forget my personal prejudices when reading UNITY because of the stand it takes against war. With me its brave stand on that one subject covers a multitude of sins." Behold, a model subscriber!

Here are some words worth thinking about, set down by Professor J. B. T. Haldane (see *Atlantic Monthly*, for January, page 2)—"In general, pacifists are a very great military advantage to Britain. *On the outbreak of war, the large majority of them become intensely patriotic,* whereas beforehand they lead our own military authorities, and also those of our potential allies and enemies, to underestimate our strength." The italics are ours, and advisedly so. We want our readers to remember them as they listen to the pacifists all about us these days who are never again going to support a war.

DEFINITION.—*Propaganda,* lies! J. H. H.

American Notes

Editorial Correspondence.

(1)

An Australian correspondent has asked me about insanity and feeble-mindedness in the United States. *The Labor Review Quarterly* of October, 1920, made the statement, based on the reports of army examiners that among the drafted men six out of a thousand were mentally deficient. If this held true of all the people in the United States, it would mean that there were 120,000 mentally deficient males, of draft age. There is plenty of evidence to show that the relation between crime and feeble-mindedness is startlingly close, accompanied with staggering facts. In seven of the big reformatories of the land, like Elmira and St. Cloud, from 46 to 80 per cent are mentally deficient. In the more progressive states, like New York and Massachusetts, where also the problem is more acute and pressing, there is a growing tendency to put the feeble-minded upon farm colonies. It was brought out at a recent conference of social workers, that 30,000 in New York required care, on the part of the state; also, that many of them were being employed at the work of reforestation.

Specially training facilities for the mentally handicapped are also being introduced into the common public schools. In the year 1922-23, there were 45,719 such children enrolled in the schools of the whole country, with 2,293 teachers, and in 430 cities and other school districts. It is being accepted that every community has such children and their care should be a part of public education. They are not idiots but backward. Here are some comparatively reliable representative data: Of 59,269 children, in fifteen states of

the country, of whom observation was made during the years 1914-1924 there were 1,636 mentally defective and 1,619 others on the border-line,—all of these last two groups needing special care. If this should hold good among the 18,000,000 children, from 7 to 15 years of age, there would be 992,000 in the land needing special training. Of such a probable 993,000 only 70,000, or 7 per cent are receiving such training. The schools are doing therefore next to nothing for the mentally deficient, since the best pedagogues agree that mentally deficient children must be treated by themselves and by special teachers. In each child there is a personality to be developed, that cannot be developed by being in a group of other normal children.

In regard to the cause of feeble-mindedness, Walter E. Fernald, in the October (1924) *Mental Hygiene,* gives syphilis as accounting for 6 per cent. He proceeds to say that the training should be what a child of the pupil's mental age requires. Defectives, he adds, are not *bad,* but weak and highly sensitive to their inferiority. No two are alike. In 1916, there were in the United States 576 government institutions caring for the delinquent, defective and dependent, with 395,000 inmates, with an annual expense of $81,000,000 and with property valued at $408,000,000. There were 37 institutions caring for 25,000 inmates, who were feeble-minded. There were 147 institutions caring for 197,000 insane. This counting of the insane does not include those who are in private asylums, who constitute about as many more.

I was fortunate enough yesterday to meet Dr. John J. B. Morgan, psychologist. He was recently for three years director of the psychological clinic in Iowa State University. He was for two years examiner in the U. S. Army. He acquired his degree of Ph.D. from Columbia in 1916. I asked him many questions, with the following results. When I met him he was coming from dealing with a patient whom he referred to as a "paranoic"; who, poor fellow, thinks the Catholics are plotting against him. If some one notices his feet in the street-car he thinks it is some Catholic that has designs upon him, or if he starts to keep company with a young lady and discovers that she is a Catholic he believes she is in the plot. "Now," continued Dr. Morgan, "such people are not confined, although suffering with a form of insanity. There are probably more of them than is known, for they are usually secretive. The treatment of the insane, in America, has been radically changed. Once, the treatment was brutal and the strait-jacket was in constant use. Now it is comparatively humane. Wet-packing is frequently used. If a 'wild man' is brought in, instead of throwing him into a padded cell, where he is likely to injure himself and become 'sane' only on reaching the stage of exhaustion, he is wrapped about with wet cloths so tightly that he cannot move, and when quiet he is given continuous baths, at a temperature of 100 degrees. This treatment helps to remove the toxin."

Dr. Morgan referred to an asylum at Trenton, N. J., where is collected a museum of the old torture-methods of handling patients. It is unnecessary to state that in this institution, modern, humane methods are in vogue. In practically all private asylums, violent methods have been discarded. In state institutions, the use of rational, humane methods is increasing. Insanity that is the result of disease is probably decreasing. Insanity that frequently shows itself in the suicide of high-class individuals, due to the complexity and rush and worry attendant upon modern civilization, is on the increase. For instance, the highest rate of suicides obtains in the city of Los Angeles, noted for its strenuous and gay life.

As to special training schools for the mentally backward, Dr. Morgan assured me that they were to be found in nearly every town of 5,000 upward. If there be but one room it is called the "opportunity room." In a town of 5,000 there might be 15 or 20 mentally deficient children, from 7 to 14. In the first place, these children, in regular classes, hold them back. Next, it is impossible for them to take on cultural training, no matter how long exposed to it. When put in the regular classes, as in the past was done, they were usually kept for several years in one class, and then dumped, as unable to learn anything. It is now seen that such a pupil cannot take the ordinary training, but must have training fitted to him. The first idea and effort in special training was to help the pupil to catch up with others. This method has been discarded. Now, study is made of the individual, to discover what he can do, and then teach him to do it. It is admitted that this special training cannot well be given in rural communities, where there may be only one or two such children. Even for urban districts it is difficult to secure competent teachers for the "opportunity room." There are schools of preparation for such teachers, yet such work does not seem to lie in the line of promotion and prospective teachers hesitate, although, as Dr. Morgan remarked, "such teachers are liable afterwards to make better teachers, in regular grades."

(2)

Another Australian correspondent sent me, last week, a clipping from the *Melbourne Age,* describing an exhibition of domestic appliances for the use of electricity in the homes. My correspondent asked me about the use of electricity, in America, for domestic purposes, prices for lighting and for power. He told me that the rates in the metropolitan districts for domestic light are 10c; for power 4c to 2c. And in the country districts charges are about 22c to 28c per unit. I called upon an electrical engineer,—called "one of the best in the country"—and showed him the letter of my correspondent, along with the clipping. When I showed him the above rates, he arched his eye-brows, as much as to say, "pretty steep." He showed great interest in the clipping, which described the exhibition and gave the announcement of the Electrical Commission, and nodded his head with pleasure, surprise and approval. When it referred to the "two-part tariff," revision for "an energy charge varying between 1½d. and 1¾d. per unit," he remarked, "That's fine. That's a good rate." He is an "electrical fan" and has visions of smokeless towns and cities, almost workless homes. He almost subscribes to the statement of a great Russian, that "house-work is the least productive and nearest to a primitive condition of life." He glowed as he said, "electric heating is the cleanest, most sanitary and most easily and completely controlled of any system."

I asked him how common was the use of electricity for domestic purposes, in America. It is growing very rapidly, he replied, "everywhere, but especially on the Pacific Coast, in the states of California, Oregon and Washington, where there is more hydro-power. Take the city of Seattle, for example, with a population nearly half that of Melbourne. There are over 40,000 heaters in this city alone, some of them small reflector

type, but several thousand of the large water heater type. "During one week alone, in December, nearly 200 reflecting heaters, of 600 watts, went out from one shop every day. As a result of a campaign of education ranges are also going out fast. There are in the homes of the city of Seattle over 7,000 ranges. The average bill, for light, range, heaters, etc., is $5. per month. The sale of electric appliances is rapidly increasing every year. The residence rate in this city,—and it would be about the same in San Francisco, Tacoma and Los Angeles—for home lighting, cooking and heating is all combined in one and is 5½ cents for the first 40 Kwh. The next 200 Kwh. cost 2 cents per Kwh. All in excess of 240 Kwh. for heating or any purpose desired in the home is charged at 1 cent per Kwh. . . All lines, services, meters, etc., are installed free. This is true, I think, for the whole Pacific Coast. Fuses are replaced in the home free and a corps of men are kept on the maintenance of ranges, inspection being free, and only actual material is charged. The extent, to which electricity is used in a city of 400,000, like Seattle, may be judged by the fact, that with the City plant there are 76,000 accounts; with a private plant, 21,000 accounts,—making 97,000 in all.

I visited a salesroom, and was astonished to find how much electricity had won its way into the homes for practically all purposes, lighting, heating, cooking, etc., etc. I saw stacks of heaters, irons, toasters, egg-boilers, ranges, log-grates, sewing machines, hair curlers, foot warmers, appliances for furnace heating. For all domestic lighting, heating, cooking, it is the rule to use but one meter in the home. Theoretically, there may be a difference between the lighting and heating rate, but practically, there is none, for the theoretical difference is disposed of by a higher charge for a first specific quantity of electricity (say, 40 Kwh. as in Seattle) followed by a much lower rate for succeeding quantities, there being but one wiring system in each home. . . . I may say that there is not a domestic function cared for by wood, coal or kerosene that is not being met by electricity,—and electricity has many virtues of its own, cleanliness, efficiency, sanitary,—and getting cheaper every year.

As to the comparative cost of hydro-electricity and coal-electricity, I turned to my friend, the engineer. He looked very wise, as if there were no off-hand answer. He took out his pencil, began to draw lines with his pencil, to talk about initial expense of installation, quantity of electricity used, kind of coal, distance of water power, etc., etc., and then remarked, "That depends." I might add that my friend is a Scotchman. However, he looked over again the clipping from the *Age*, "You say the coal is about 40 miles out of Melbourne, the coal is brown coal and there is a lot of it. Well, I should say electricity for every purpose should be brought to Melbourne at a rate that could be favorably matched with electricity produced by any water power. But as I said, it depends."

SYDNEY STRONG.

George MacDonald*

On the evening of the tenth of this month—just four days ago—How should I forget it, seeing it is the birthday of one of my own boys?—a brilliant company gathered in London to celebrate the hundredth birthday of George MacDonald, the Scottish prophet, poet, mystic, novelist, spiritual child to Erskine of Linlathen, and spiritual father to a great multitude whom no man can number, among whom the present speaker craves a modest place.

Once upon a time, I sat in the front seat of a Newcastle church looking up at a figure in the pulpit—a figure whose dignity of bearing, noble feature, shining blue eyes and silvering hair with long white beard bespoke one of Nature's noblemen. The theme was "Tennyson's lyrics," but the speaker, as was his wont, concerned himself less with poetic form than with the divine content of inspired verse or prose, and his ample soul continuously overflowed with heavenly interpretations.

When the poet Coleridge bolted upon his friend Charles Lamb the question, "Charles, did you ever hear me preach?" the startled essayist could only stammer, "I—never heard you d-do anyth-ing else!" Well that was George MacDonald. Whether he lectured, discoursed, conversed, debated, composed poetry or wrote novels, he never ceased to preach, though not after the manner of the professional pulpiteer. Far from it. Though at Aberdeen and London he qualified for the professional ministry, and even for a short time attempted to exercise his professional functions at a small church of the Congregational order, he soon quit that narrow groove for the wide prophetic sphere of literature. A God-intoxicated man, he never tired of speaking for God, but never wickedly. We might hear him meditating the Infinite:

> I am an emptiness for thee to fill,
> My soul a cavern for thy sea.

When the Newcastle discourse came to an end, an unknown man sitting on my left leaned confidentially to my ear, and whispered in wondering tones, "He's a *queer* fellow!" Now what could one say to a Philistine like that? A queer fellow to the Philistines, yes, and also to the pharisees a *dangerous* fellow. For a Pharisee he had an eye as keen as that of Thackeray for a snob. Hence, superfine people on the one hand, and stupid people on the other, were alike incapable of understanding him. The wise man is always *caviare to the general;* and to Mr. Worldly Wiseman the prophet is ever a "queer fellow." I have no doubt that Socrates who went about quizzing the quidnuncs of Athens, seemed a very queer fish indeed; likewise Francis of Assisi who flung away his riches and took poverty for his bride.

For a long generation, George MacDonald was a teacher of undiluted religion, a prophet of sweeter theology, an iconoclast who dealt heavy blows at the Calvinism which blighted the soul of Scotland. And there were many in England who were thankful for his liberating gospel.

Literary criticism has decreed that "the style is the man," which was never truer of any writer than it was true of George MacDonald. The artless simplicity of his character was paralleled by the—shall I say—unaffected style of his novels. I do not imply that he was devoid of art or taste or style. Far from it. I mean only that he had no desire to be reckoned an exponent of the conventional. When he spoke in public, it was

*A centenary address delivered in London on December 14 last.

good to see him just stand and talk out of the fulness of his heart and head, with no premeditated grace; caring more for the message than for the manner of its delivery; thinking of sincerity more than of artistry; placing the accent on soul rather than on sound. In his books he was just so. He was too much in earnest to covet elegance in any academic sense. But if nature is purest art, his naturalness establishes his claim to artistic honors. I can hardly think what sort of appearance any of the great prophets would have made as novelists! Think, if Jeremiah had written a novel, or Micah, or Habakkuk, what would the great publishing houses of Jerusalem have made of it? In his early years, George MacDonald, as I have told you, tried to be an ordinary minister, but his tenancy of the pulpit was of brief duration. Thank God; for then he went forth to proclaim the purer evangel in wider ways—by fiction, poetry, volumes of "Unspoken sermons," and even by play-acting Bunyan's Pilgrim with a bundle on his back!

Sometimes we speak of certain Jewish writers as "minor" prophets, when we really mean "shorter." Amos, Hosea, Malachi, and some others, are dubbed "minor" prophets; merely because the writings attributed to them are few; though they are not inferior to the larger books either in literary quality or religious importance. In neither sense can we speak of George MacDonald as a minor prophet. His literary output was enormous, filling a long shelf in my library; and the matter of it was of significance enough to place him among the school of Scottish reformers represented by such names as M'Leod Campbell of Row, Thomas Erskine of Linlathen, and J. W. Farquhar; such English theologians as Frederick Denison Maurice and poets like Robert Browning; and in America by preachers like William Ellery Channing and singers like Whittier. If you want to "place" this Scottish prophet, put him in line with that noble band.

I believe it would not be wrong to say that it was George MacDonald who made the Scottish novel definitely religious. Before him there had been sketches of religious people, and great novels dealing with religious events and makers of history—such as Walter Scott's Covenanters and David Deans; coming down to the Kail-yaird school, to Ian Maclaren, Barrie and Crockett with their "little ministers" and "stickit ministers," and to R. L. Stevenson whose novels may be said to be wholly non-religious. But it was this Aberdeen student who beyond all comparison made the novel a vehicle of expression for the religious character of the Scottish people. The best and the worst of Calvinistic dogma, the best and the worst of Presbyterian doctrine, the best and the worst of the Scottish soul are here set forth in many volumes, of which the finest are in the Scots language, making greater demands upon the English reader on that account, but his pure ingots never inaccessible even to them. But his many books in pure English are enough; though his fellow-countrymen derive more satisfaction from the others.

I call George MacDonald a *seer* in the best sense of the term—in the sense that he *saw* things, saw beneath the surface, saw deeper and truer than the average man. That constitutes prophetic genius. The author of Robert Falconer, Sir Gibbie, Donal Grant, David Elginbrod, Alec Forbes, and the rest, needs no Happy Valley or Field of Cloth of Gold for his setting. A farmyard, a blacksmith's smiddy, a stone dyke, a fishing boat will do just as well. He requires no elaborate stage-mounting for background. A home-made aeolian harp, a boy's kite, a fiddle, a mountain flood, a secret stair and a hidden chamber will do as well as a king's levee. His heroes are no carpet-knights riding forth with plumed helmets and glancing spears. They live in cottages, or bothies; sleep in byres, lofts, or mountain-caves; revel in snow-baths and build ice-houses for their amusement. His typical woman—Margaret Elginbrod, Annie Anderson—is unrivalled. It is the wonderfulness of common people that is revealed to him; for all genuine prophets are democratic; ploughmen, stone-masons, cow-herds, and poor tutors are heroes enough. The children of the slums are "wild angelets." His eye perceives the essential divinity of people ordinarily classified as "wicked"—"The devil could drive woman out of Paradise, but the devil himself cannot drive the Paradise out of a woman." He believed in the immortal essence hidden within all human garbage; God at the root of it all; no desire for the betterment of the masses can make up for lack of faith in the individual.

> [For] when I turn and grasp the making Hand,
> And will the making Will, with confidence
> I ride the crest of the creation-wave,
> Helpless no more, no more existence slave.

It is the prophet's *moral sincerity* that makes spiritual democracy possible. He has courage to think his own thought; to live his own life. If one lives the true, he can be tolerated when he abuses the false. The author of "David Elginbrod" is a very Elijah for righteousness; but an Elijah without murder in his heart; an Elijah *plus* John the Evangelist, the apostle of love; a Boanerges, a Son of Thunder, yes, but united to a Barnabas, a Son of Consolation. Terrible in his scorn of the Jesuitry that has pervaded theology, the sophistry of orthodox Biblism, the immoral fictions of Substitution, Atonement, and Adoption. To his mind, a God who is infinite in power and knowledge, but only finite in love, in forgiveness, in the things which are most beautiful, is unbelievable. Such a God, and such attributes, are inventions of the Church; and form a hideous mask wherewith false and ignorant teachers scare God's children from their Father's arms. "Therefore"—to quote his tender words—"with angels and archangels, with the spirits of the just made perfect, with the 'little children' of the Kingdom . . . we praise and laud his Name in itself, saying *Our Father*. We do not draw back for that we are unworthy, nor even for that we are hard-hearted and care not for the good. For it is his child-likeness that makes him our God and Father. The perfection of his relation to us swallows up all our imperfections, all our defects, all our evils; for our Childhood is born of his Fatherhood. That man is perfect in faith who can come to God in the utter dearth of his feelings and his desires—without a glow or an aspiration—with the weight of low thoughts, failures, neglects, and wandering forgetfulness—and say to him, 'Thou art my Refuge, because thou art my Home.' "

The prophet's *faith* is luminously displayed in George MacDonald's unfaltering assurance that God is good; and that goodness reigns though not yet openly displayed. Faber's popular hymn, "If our faith were but more simple" was exemplified in him; if by "simple" we mean unmixed, unadulterated; not, of course, unintelligent, unreasoning; which is quite a different kind of faith,—not "faith" at all, indeed, but mere credulity. He deplored that Christianity had taken over from Judaism the Covenant-making God of Abraham and Jacob. The Scottish Confession of Faith, drinking at

the sour wells of Calvinism, made great play with what it called the "promises" of God. The New Testament of Christians was regarded as merely the new *Covenant* (or Bargain), in contrast to the Old Testament, or Covenant. God is supposed to have made a New Covenant (or Bargain) with Jesus, abolishing the Old Covenant with Abraham; so that Christians, from time immemorial, have been exhorted to trust in the Covenant, or Oath, or Promises of God for their salvation. The low-grade believer trusts to the promises of God; but MacDonald taught Christians to trust God where there were no promises at all, let alone oaths and covenants. His simple trustfulness sounded like irreverent familiarity to the ears of orthodoxy. God's will was always good. When one of his heroes is caught in a mountain flood, his companion fears that they will both be swept away. He assures her that all is well, no harm can touch them. "Then we shall not be drowned?" questioned she. "We may be drowned," said he, "but if that is God's will it is right, it is best." The master of a fishing-boat is about to haul up his herring-nets. He prays: "Gien it be thy wull 'at we catch the nicht, lat's catch; gien it binna thy wull, lat's no catch. Haul awa' my laads!" There is a worse atheism than that which cannot believe in a God; it is the atheism which imagines it believes in God, but a God who is not worth believing in. Far better no God at all than the God of Calvinistic theology,—a grim and blood-thirsty idol, as Whittier saw him—

> Chary of blessing, prodigal of curse,
> The pitiless doomsman of the universe.

MacDonald has no patience with a theology that, as Calvinism does, puts God's glory above his mercy,—as if God were some "puir, prood body" like a Scotch baillie, "fu' o' his ain importance, an' ready to be doon upo' onybody 'at didna ca' him by the name o' 's office—ay think-thinkin' aboot 's ain glory; in place o' the quaiet, michty, gran' self-forgettin', a'-creatin', a'-uphaudin', eternal bein'!" He sees the sorrow and the wrong of human existence; he thinks it quite possible that suffering may have to be endured beyond the grave; but he is most of all sure that if the will of God be done, nothing can be ill. He believes entirely—not only that God loves, but that he *is* love; and that hell itself, were there one, must be subservient to love, and but an embodiment of it, in order that perfect happiness may follow perfect goodness.

"For thou art love down to the depths of hell."

> Blame not life! It is scarce begun;
> Blame not mankind! thyself art one;
> And change is holy, oh, blame it never!
> Thy soul shall live by its changing ever;
> Not the bubbling change of a stagnant pool,
> But the change of a river flowing and full;
> Where all that is good and noble shall grow
> Mightier still as the full tides flow,
> Till it joins the hidden, the boundless sea,
> Rolling through depths of Eternity.

Above all the prophetic messengers of my early life, George MacDonald was the supreme prophet of *Optimism*. The sympathies of his heart could not dim the radiance of his faith:

> Let your tears flow; let your sad sighs have scope;
> Only take heed they fan, they water Hope.

To the cruel Calvinistic Monster of the Catechism and the Thirty-nine Articles, he opposed the Fatherhood of God. He derided the notion of a Deity to define whom required half the *omnis* in the Latin dictionary—omnipotent, omniscient, omnipresent,—and needing, in fact, only one more to complete the definition—*omnivorous!* He had no interest, it is true, in the infant science of Biblical Criticism; it was enough for him to believe that God was love. Unlike his contemporary, Tennyson, he did not *"faintly trust* the Larger Hope." He accepted it, believed it, embraced and hugged it to his soul as the very marrow and fatness of Gospel. To him, human sin was not an endless thing. Redemption was universal, extending itself even to the sub-human creatures. He found fault with Walter Scott for the hopefulness with which he committed the body of his grayhound to the earth,—"Rest her body, since I darenot say soul!" Where, demanded MacDonald, did he get that *dare not?* "Is it well that the daring of genius should be circumscribed by an unbelief so common-place? . . ." Suffering animalhood, at any rate, has hell enough here; however it may be with mankind.

When Protestantism broke with Rome, it did not know what to do with the doctrines of Hell and Purgatory. Ultimately, it abolished Purgatory and stuck to Hell. That was a frightful mistake. Hell is an impossible belief. Purgatory is quite reasonable. A place of endless torment as punishment for a few brief years of life on earth is a monstrous dogma, a doctrine of devils, inconceivable, incredible, ridiculous. But a state of purifying, a condition of necessary suffering, remorse, penitence, till the soul freely, joyfully, eternally chooses the better part which shall never be taken from it—why, that seems a very natural, a very rational view of the future. Readers of Robert Falconer will recall the wonderful scene in which the laddie Robert refuses to leave out from his prayers the name of his ne'er-do-well father; for whom his grandmother cannot pray, dare not pray, *because he may be dead,* and it would be wicked to pray for a wicked dead man! Yet the human heart of the mother yearned over the son whom the orthodox Christian was bound to believe to be burning in hell-fire; and thence arose a heartrending struggle between Love and Despair:—"O Lord! I *canna* say thy will be done . . . for gin ye was a mither yersel' ye wadna pit him there." In MacDonald's theology God loves to the end, if we may say "end" of that which is endless:

> Mourner, that dost deserve thy mournfulness,
> Call thyself punished, call the earth thy hell;
> Say, "God is angry, and I earned it well—
> I would not have him smile on wickedness";
> Say this, and straightway all thy grief grows less,
> "God rules at least, I find as prophets tell,
> And proves it in this prison!" then thy cell
> Smiles with an unsuspected loveliness.

Like his countryman, Robert Burns, George MacDonald dared even to indulge a hope for the devil himself—presuming there were such a creature. The boy Robert Falconer went about asking, "Gin a deil war to repent, wad God forgie him?"

Robert has also a wonderful Plan of Salvation in his head—a quite original scheme for "maist han' toomin' hell." Thinking it possible that a body might be allowed to speak a word in public when he got to heaven, the very first night he sat down at the long table in Paradise, he would rise up and say: "Brithers and sisters, the haill o' ye, hearken to me for ae minute. . . . We're a' here by grace and no by merit . . . as ye a' ken better nor I can tell ye, for ye hae ben langer here nor me. But it's just ruggin' an' rivin' at my heart to think o' them 'at's doon there. Maybe ye can hear them. . . . Noo, we hae nae merit, an' they hae nae merit, an'

what for are we here and them there? . . . I call upo' ilk ane o' ye 'at has a frien' or a neebor doon yonner, to rise up an' taste nor bite nor sup mair till we gang up a' thegither to the fut o' the throne, an' pray the Lord to lat's gang and du as the Maister did afore's, and beir their griefs, an' carry their sorrows doon in hell there; gin it maybe that they may repent and get remission o' their sins, an' come up here wi' us at the lang last, an' sit doon wi's at this table, a' throuw the merits o' oor Saviour Jesus Christ, at the heid o' the table there. Amen!"

After all is said and done—when we have ceased to befog our minds with words—what is God's mercy but his fairness? Hence there is no irreverence, but moral courage in the famous epitaph—so often quoted, so seldom quoted aright, inscribed on an old tombstone in an Aberdeen graveyard, covering the bones, as it would seem, of some Dutch or German wanderer. What sinner of us could urge a better plea?

Here lie I, Martin Elginbrodde:
Hae mercy o' my soul, Lord God;
As I wad do, were I Lord God,
And ye were Martin Elginbrodde.

I think we cannot carry away with us a sentiment more tender and chastening than that of the characteristic verses with which that great book "Robert Falconer" concludes. He who understands and enters into sympathy with their heavenly weirdness will get near to the heart of George MacDonald, and not far from the heart of God:

Twilight is near, and the day grows old;
The spiders of care are weaving their net;
All night 'twill be blowing and rainy and cold;
I cower at his door from the wind and wet.

He sent me out the world to see,
Drest for the road in a garment new;
It is clotted with clay, and worn beggarly—
The porter will hardly let me through!

I bring in my hand a few dusty ears—
Once I thought them a tribute meet!
I bring in my heart a few unshed tears:
Which is my harvest—the pain or the wheat?

A broken man, at the door of his hall
I listen, and hear it go merry within;
The sounds are of birthday-festival!
Hark to the trumpet! the violin!

I know the bench where the shadowed folk
Sit 'neath the music-loft—*there* none upbraids!
They will make me room who bear the same yoke,
Dear publicans, sinners, and foolish maids!

An ear has been hearing my heart forlorn!
A step comes soft through the dancing-din!
Oh love eternal: oh woman-born!
Son of my Father, to take me in!

One moment, low at our Father's feet
Loving I lie in a self-lost trance;
Then walk away to a sinners' seat,
With them, at midnight to rise and dance!

London, England. *Walter Walsh.*

The Cloister Church of Vreta

The little white boat that makes the lovely journey on the Gotta Canal across Sweden comes to the nine great locks of Berg at night. All day we have wandered on this curious waterway of winding rivers, blue lakes rimmed with lavendar hills, and narrow bits of canal cut through fields of yellow mustard, and through forests of birch trees that lean their branches close enough to brush the boat as she passes. But night brings the tedious descent by the locks of Berg, so we leave the little boat swaying gently as the water goes out from under it, and wander into the night to see the Cloister church of Vreta.

The fields of grain beside the narrow country road were motionless. The sky wore a purple veil of expectancy across her face, and quiet houses, too, seemed waiting, after the long hours of sunlight, for the tenderness of the moon. The road wound past a grove of birch trees whose white trunks crowded together as if they were cold. An old man walking slowly with the help of a stick came towards us, and off in the stillness someone sang a high, shrill note or two that trailed away across the night—a fluttering wisp of music.

Suddenly the road turned and widened. A tall wooden gate stood across its way and, beyond, the tower of the Cloister church of Vreta, beautiful with age that gives all things a strange enchantment, stood white and square against the new risen moon. Our steps on the paved path startled the caretaker and his dog. They came to open the great doors with a heavy, iron key.

It was still twilight inside. The moonlight made a strange blur where the deep set windows were, a great round one above the nave and one small, square one on either side. We could see dimly the tiered oak seats for the choir on each side of the altar, and on a railing in front of them places for many candles. The whole church was lighted only by candle candelabra in the shape of great crowns, and everywhere the simplicity of old, severe days was seen. The very floor seemed stern, paved with huge squares of stone and uncovered. The caretaker and his sleepy dog followed us as we went about quietly, wonderingly. He wished to make a light for us to see more clearly. He tried to tell us the history of the medieval banners that hung from the ceiling, tattered pennants of silk and brocade bearing dates and names of three hundred years ago, and he wanted us to know the reason a gilded crown hung suspended over a certain alcove. But we loved the dimness that made the old place give out the fragrance of its ancient beauty, and we cared too little for his stories, so he went away to sit on the steps and watch the gold moon waken the birch trees' leaves.

There we found him when we had passed, hushed and reverent, by the many iron barred alcoves and down the long aisle again. We thanked him and wandered off to see the ruins of the old, old cloisters that, built about a flag stone quadrangle with its square well, had once leaned up against the church. The quadrangle was still there, and the well stones with the grooves from many ropes pulled up and down; the walls of some cells still stood, grass grown and crooked; and in one place an arch was left, and in another some steps down into an underground passage. But over the little square cells the blue sky was the only roof, and along the stone hall ways grass grew up between the stones. No monk walked there now. No ceremonies differentiated one hour from another through the day. The cloisters of Vreta are ruins, and the old white church seems to stand still in the moonlight and wait.

Peking, China. Dorothy Rowe.

THE STUDY TABLE

New Books

We have already called attention to two volumes of the *Government Handbooks* appearing under editorial direction of Professors David P. Barrows and Thomas H. Reed—those dealing with the "German Empire" and "Switzerland." We have now received the volume upon the "Government and Politics of Belgium," written by the junior editor.[1] There is naturally considerable similarity in the volumes of such a series, yet for purposes of reference and precise information each country deserves and must receive full separate treatment. There is also individuality in nations, as in persons. There are nations of extraordinary interest and attractiveness and Belgium is one of these. That she is the most densely populated of white nations, that though small she is full of activity, that she played a special part in the great war—these are all reasons for popular interest. But there are further reasons why the presentation of her government and politics has special importance. She has been called "the social laboratory of Europe" and deserves the title. Prof. Reed says:

> She is the only state in the world which has had any really extensive experience with proportional representation as a means of selecting a legislature. She tried, and after a quarter of a century abandoned, universal suffrage with additional votes for wealth and capacity, in favor of universal suffrage pure and simple. . . . "Compulsory voting" has had in Belgium many years of successful application. She has developed through centuries of experience an admirable and original type of municipal administration through which a vital spirit of local self-government finds expression. She has just reorganized her second chamber along novel and suggestive lines.

These experiments are described and discussed in full detail. Belgium has international significance far beyond her size and population. King Leopold's Geographical Congress of 1876 gave the greatest impulse to African exploration. Belgian capital is conspicuous in Asiatic development. Until the war temporarily checked her activity she was a leader in co-operating and uniting helpful influences throughout the world; Brussels was a centre of international movements. It can be seen that this volume of the *Government Handbooks* series yields to none of those already issued in interest and importance.

Two books by the Indian, Professor T. L. Vaswani have come to us.[2] "To him Swaraj is not merely a political ambition. It is a spiritual hunger. He wishes to breathe freely and pants for fresh air and believes that neither he nor his fellow-countrymen can live a full and happy life so long as Swaraj is unattained." In "India Arisen" we find a series of discussions the nature of which is suggested by their titles—Ethics of Imperialism, England and Islam, Cult of Justice, etc. Its spirit is shown by such a statement as:

> The demand of the Indian is really not for a "share" in the Administration; the demand is not for "reforms"; the demand is for Freedom. The demand is resisted by the bureaucracy. Hence the Unrest.

In "The Secret of Asia" we have a group of essays on the spirit of Asian culture. The book makes an appeal for an Academy of Indian culture, "urgently needed to draw together scholars and thinkers and to show, by careful study and research, the vital value of Indian culture." The author feels that Asia has a spiritual message for the West.

> The Vision Spiritual was the secret of Asiatic greatness in the past; the Vision Spiritual is what a bankrupt Europe needs today to enrich civilization.

He asks an awakening in India itself. He would see a revival of Indian art, drama, music, letters, ideals; he demands a reassertion of the best that was in the old culture. He believes it has as true a reason for existence today as ever. He would hold to and invigorate the native tongues.

> We need Western knowledge; but to make it a force in the building of our national life, it should be imparted through the medium of the vernacular of each province. So may students develop into men, not imitating others but living their own God given lives, not echoes but living persons, a hundred per cent alive. Our emphasis must be on the vernaculars; and we must be vernacular to the very root, if we are to grow into a self-sustained nation.

There is much in Vaswani's little books to kindle thought. Under both of them lies the sentiment—

> A brotherly civilization is the world's need. The nations need the inspiration of the bold teaching that man is not a fighting animal but a citizen of the Kingdom of Souls.

Once and again a book astounds us. This one of Jordan does.[3] Here is a man who knows the Higher Criticism and seems ready to accept most or all of it, who knows and approvingly quotes Sir James Frazer's writings—and yet writes a book that is permeated through and through with the sentiment that somehow, in some way, a supernatural or divine authority and value lies in the entire Old Testament books. "All scripture is given" for religious instruction. Each and every of the Old Testament stories has its lesson for reproof, for encouragement, for stimulation. No matter how barbaric, or how repellant, it *must* have a lesson. So here we wade through them all and find wherein their message for us and our times lies. The book is earnest and conscientious; it is thorough and scholarly; it is discouraging and irritating. There may be preachers and Sunday-school teachers, who will find it helpful; if so, more's the pity. This is our reaction to the book. Its publishers say: "Prof. Jordan brings together the assured findings of scholars as to the nature and value the Old Testament stories have both for culture and practical life today."

FREDERICK STARR.

"The Southern Oligarchy"*

The southern Oligarchy, to this southern writer, is the southern government from the days when slavery fastened itself, as "the peculiar institution," upon the southern states. Today it is a government by the democratic party, in slavery times it was whig as well as democratic, but the point that Mr. Skaggs proves conclusively in his 450 pages is that it was and is an Oligarchy, that democracy has never had a chance to function in the southern states.

The present Oligarchy that rules the South is almost a complete replica of the radical and reactionary leaders of the slave Oligarchy before the Civil War. The leaders of the present

[1] "Government and Politics of Belgium." Thomas H. Reed. Yonkers-on-Hudson: 1924. World Book Co.

[2] "The Secret of Asia: Essays on the Spirit of Asian Culture." T. L. Vaswani. Madras, Ganesh and Co. 16mo; pp. (iii) 91. "India Arisen." T. L. Vaswani. Madras: 1922. Ganesh and Co. 8vo; pp. xi, 114.

[3] "Ancient Hebrew Stories and Their Modern Interpretation." W. G. Jordan. New York: 1923. George H. Doran. 16mo; pp. 344.

*"The Southern Oligarchy," by William H. Skaggs. Published by The Devin-Adair Company, 437 Fifth Avenue, New York City.

Oligarchy habitually affect a supercilious air of provincial and abnormal sensitiveness which has been easily and conveniently used in support of the spoils system and in perpetuating their rule over the great mass of white and colored people in the South.

Like Helper of North Carolina in 1857, Mr. Skaggs of Alabama, pours out an indictment against the pernicious, narrow, partisan rule of the southern states. It is a terrible picture of a backward, corrupt, cruel land.

The book deals with present day conditions, illiteracy, health, the courts, lynching, the chain gang, convict labor and peonage. It cites case after case and opinion after opinion. Even to one innured to these terrible tales it brings fresh evidence of the iniquity of southern conditions. "The most appalling record of crimes in the world," is the title of one chapter. And this crime, and the backward condition of the mass of the southern people, white and black, Mr. Skaggs believes is "largely the result of the policies and practices of corrupt politicians and pettifoggers." The Oligarchy makes money out of the fee system and the chain gang; it does not care how cruel convict labor may be so long as it reaps a substantial profit; it desires illiteracy since only the ignorant can be continually exploited.

The author admits the existence of corruption and extortion in many parts of the country, but he wishes his readers to realize that whereas in the North and West one may agitate and uproot evils, in the South the individual is helpless. There is no popular government, no agency through which to function. You cannot put one party out and another in. The growth of Populism, the South's one democratic movement, is dwelt on and the enormous frauds noted that threw out the populist vote. Then, when a fair count was demanded, the Oligarchy entrenched themselves the more with new state constitutions and registrars appointed by the democratic party.

A fresh contribution in this important book is the story of southern politics in slavery days. We had thought there were giants then, but apparently they were only feathering their own giant nests. The ruling class wasted the state's money, controlled the banks, and raised for themselves many questionable loans. Mississippi began her career of repudiating her state debt in the forties. More than a million dollars of school funds were wasted in the good old days in Mississippi alone. The "sixteenth section school funds" might have made the southern states as well educated as any northern commonwealth but they were squandered before the Civil War. One feels that reconstruction had little new in it in the way of corruption.

Mr. Skaggs believes that the Negro has been used by the Oligarchy as a scapegoat. By preaching fear of the black vote and race hatred the politician has continued to exploit the common man. The black man throughout it all has often behaved with grave dignity. He has suffered and with him the majority of white men have suffered.

A large majority of the people of the South are neither more dishonorable nor more dishonest, nor are they less patriotic than the citizens of other sections of the United States. It is in their political affairs that they have permitted an Oligarchy to debauch their institutions, retard their industrial progress, hinder their educational advancement, and bring their social system under severe but just criticism. And this intolerant political party punishes all criticisms of its policies and methods.

One feels quite sure that Mr. Skaggs no longer lives in Alabama. Will his book be known? I can think of no better propaganda than to see that it at least reaches the chief libraries of the land. It has not the verve of Helper's impending crisis, but it has far more valuable material and should be of incalculable value to the student of southern conditions.

MARY WHITE OVINGTON.

CORRESPONDENCE

LIFE IN GERMANY

[We hear much these days about the great improvement of conditions in Germany and central Europe generally. People living there know little about this fact—they haven't heard the news. Witness these sentences from a personal letter received from Munich.—J. H. H.]

". . . I work in charge of a children's hone of 22 poor boys of 6-16 years who have nobody to care for them. Their parents are dead or ill, or have no bed for them at home. . . . You scarcely can imagine how they appreciate everything, and are satisfied with dry bread without butter. We live in a wooden hut. . . . By the kindness of a generous family we have coal enough for the winter which began rather early."

Munich, Germany. E. VON N.

WAS THERE EVER A GOOD WAR?

Editor of UNITY:

In his excellent address at the dedication of the soldiers' monument in Chesterfield, N. H., Mr. Mead condemns war in general but gives a halting approval to at least two wars, namely, our Revolution and our Civil War. All the same, I still think Dr. Franklin's famous dictum—"There never was a good war nor a bad peace"—holds good.

Canada has gained self-government without war, and as to the Civil War, if we had followed Horace Greeley's advice—"Let the erring sisters go in peace"—I think it would have been immeasurably the better way. How long would chattel slavery, cooped up in the 13 little states, stood up against the expanding North with its undeveloped empire big with potential wealth, and just at the dawn of the reign of the machine with its accompaniment, industrial slavery, which, because of its irresponsibility, is far more to the advantage of the ruling class than is chattel slavery? The *Zeitgeist*—the spirit of the age—was against chattel slavery and it was doomed to early extinction through the evolutionary law of progress in human society. I am confident that within a generation the erring sisters would have been back in the fold without slavery, without spilling a drop of blood and with none of the bitterness which has so persisted all these years and which has been so harmful to both North and South.

"There never was a good war nor a bad peace."

Sincerely yours,

W. B. CHAPMAN.

Washta, Iowa, Dec. 15, 1924.

A CORRECTION.

January 17, 1925.

Editor of UNITY:

I find quite a serious error has been made in my article by attributing to Miss Morel the following words: "How many conservatives in this last election can claim as clean a campaign and as honestly won a victory." (Page 265, 25th line.)

That is my own comment.

Will you kindly see that suitable correction is made in your next issue of UNITY?

Yours sincerely,

JULIA ELLSWORTH FORD.

It seems to me that the primal mistake of the Emperor of Germany lies in these words: "Our future is on the water." On that day the German Empire was condemned by England.—*General Cherfils,* 1915.

THE FIELD

"The World is my country, to do good is my Religion"

E. D. MOREL MEMORIAL FUND

London, December, 1924.

Sir or Madam,

It is hoped to raise a fund in memory of E. D. Morel, his work for the liberation of the Congo and for International Understanding.

E. D. Morel gave the best years of a remarkably active and beneficent life in the service of humanity. He consistently put in the second place not only his own interests, but even the interests of those dependent upon him. His emoluments had been for many years very much below what he would have been able to command had he chosen to work for money. He knew that his life was very insecure and he must have had faith that his family would not be allowed to suffer because of his disinterestedness. We would like the fund to reach dimensions which would ensure this.

It is proposed to hand over to his family any sum raised, deducting only enough for a memorial tablet in the cloisters of the "Garden of Peace" at Golders Green.

Subscriptions should be sent to the *Secretary, E. D. Morel Memorial Fund, Orchard House, Great Smith Street, S.W.* 1.

Yours faithfully,

H. Baillie-Weaver, Raymond Beazley, E. N. Bennett, E. W. Birmingham, Margaret G. Bonfield, H. N. Brailsford, Fred. Bramley, Charles Roden Buxton, Noel Buxton, J. R. Clynes, Kate Courtney of Penwith, C. Birch Crisp, Hamilton Fyfe, G. P. Gooch, Charles Gore, Arthur Henderson, J. A. Hobson, Thomas Johnston, J. M. Kenworthy, George Lansbury, A. Susan Lawrence, H. B. Lees-Smith, J. Ramsay MacDonald, Hector MacPherson, P. A. Molteno, Oswald Mosley, Henry W. Nevinson, Marion Phillips, Arthur Ponsonby, A. Maude Royden, Bertrand Russell, G. Bernard Shaw, F. J. Shaw, Robert Smillie, Herbert Smith, Philip Snowden, D. M. Stevenson, Sophia Sturge, H. M. Swanwick, E. S. Talbot, Charles Trevelyan, Robert C. Trevelyan, Israel Zangwill.

NATIONAL CHILD LABOR DAY

OPEN LETTER:

Child labor does not mean selling newspapers after school nor working a few hours on holidays. It means toiling long hours at machines in factories, slaving in fields, excessive tasks at low wages. It means also no time for school, play or healthy growth.

Every state now has full power to make its own laws regarding child labor. There are good laws and bad ones, and five states with no restrictions at all. All children need protection, but the children of those five states need it most of all.

The 1920 census said that 1,060,958 children are working. But this counts only those from ten to fifteen years old. Thousands of children less than ten years old are at work. Children less than six years old, working all day long, are discovered from time to time by investigators of the National Child Labor Committee.

At the same time, while more than a million children are working, far more than a million men and women are unemployed. Setting the children free will be good for the children, but it will also give jobs to men and women who are now idle.

Even the people who live in states which have good laws against child labor, and which enforce the laws they have, use goods produced in all the states. So all people in all the states are using articles produced in part by child labor.

All honor to the states which have set a high standard in protecting their children from child labor. It is time now for the nation to act and to protect all the children.

Yours for children's rights,

ALICE PARK.

National Child Labor Day is Sunday, January 25.

INTERNATIONAL FELLOWSHIP OF RECONCILIATION

Monthly News Sheet

CZECHO-SLOVAKIA.—During a strike in the autumn at Trentschin the soldiers were ordered to shoot at the strikers, and a few Slovak soldiers refused. A dozen of them were sent to Pressburg to be court-martialled, and they will probably be sentenced for mutiny.

Army Reform Bill.—The Social Democratic Party is the only one which has taken up a definite stand with regard to the Army Reform Bill which is shortly to be introduced. It demands a decrease of the present term of service to nine months and the reduction of the present standing army to 70,000 men. These proposals, however, are largely counteracted by the resolution that "as many citizens as possible should receive military instruction" and that "the service units should be organized so as to represent a complete skeleton of an armed nation."

DENMARK.—*The Disarmament Bill* passed its first reading in the Lower House on November 27 by 67 votes to 24. In introducing the Bill it was stated that it would mean a saving of 40 million Kroner annually, but the main argument brought forward was that an army and navy of the size of Denmark's were a source of danger rather than of security. The Opposition maintained that Denmark could not adopt such a course without forfeiting her right to be looked upon as a Sovereign State. It is stated that the Bill is sure to be rejected by the Upper House. That House cannot be dissolved for another four years without a change in the Constitution. It is unlikely that the Government would have the support of the Radicals, on whose votes it depends, for such a grave measure. It is therefore probable that Disarmament will be postponed for another four years.

FINLAND.—*Civilian Service.*—The Finnish law allows Conscientious Objectors (even on non-religious grounds) to do civilian service for the army, but punishes with imprisonment those who refuse all work connected with the army, although they may be willing to undertake civilian service apart from the army. In spite of the promises of former Ministers of War and of the efforts made by the Fellowship of Reconciliation, by the Finnish Peace Society and by certain Free Christian Circles, it has been impossible to get the law amended.

Difficulties of Work for Peace.—Finland has but recently won her freedom and believes her frontiers to be still threatened by Russia. Due to the fear of Bolshevism the military budget will be increased next year by 30 per cent, *i.e.*, to 570 million Finnish marks. In this country of three million people there is, in addition to the regular army, a civilian army of 100,000. The Labor parties are opposed to this "bourgeois" force, and are said to have their own armed organizations in readiness. In face of the uncertain situation and military activity, work for reconciliation, peace and goodwill is condemned as Bolshevism. Recently an address given in the Helsingfors Peace Society on internal peace as against class warfare evoked a strong protest from the bourgeois press. The F.o.R. in Finland is still very small and poor though, thanks to Mathilde Wrede, it is invested with a certain moral authority. But it is ineffectual against the present excited feeling, and considers it best to concentrate for the moment on its relief work among refugees.

GREAT BRITAIN.—*An Armaments Program.*—The new Conservative Government has adopted the following increased military program:

1. The Naval Base at Singapore is to be proceeded with.
2. Additional cruisers for trade and defense are to be built.
3. Increased air-squadrons.

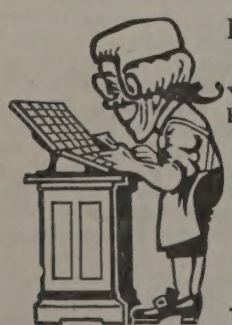
The "No More War" Congress was held at the Church House, Westminster, from December 10 to 13, 1924. It discussed questions of monetary and credit systems, reparations, peace and the public press. While recognizing that Great Britain is not technically or legally obliged to call in the assistance of the League of Nations or of the International Court as regards Egypt, the Congress urged that she should do so in order to reach a solution based upon respect for international law and co-operation, and not simply imposed by force. Sir William Goode deprecated the idea that one half of Europe should go on dominating and penalizing the other half and exacting perpetual tribute as laid down in the Treaties. Sir George Paish considered that Great Britain would be much better off without any reparations and without the recovery of any Allied debts. Lord Beauchamp advocated Free Trade because tariffs mean friction and quarrels, commercial rivalry being one of the most fruitful causes of war. Lord and Lady Parmoor defended the Protocol with its principle of compulsory arbitration for international disputes. Professor Gilbert Murray drew attention to the moral aspect of the League of Nations, to its appeal to the universal sense of justice and shame in the human race. It was urged that peace propaganda in the press must be made as stirring to the emotions as the current "stunt" news, especially as foreign affairs are so far outside the everyday experience of most people that the press has a great deal of influence in these matters.

RUSSIA.—*The John Reed Children's Colony at Cherumshan on the Volga,* started on receipt of a gift of food,

blankets, etc., from the Society of Friends, now contains 100 orphans whose parents died in the famine. The children live in an old monastery in the hills. The boys are trained in carpentering, shoemaking and all departments of agriculture, while the girls do all the domestic work. The colony has to work hard to be self-supporting, especially as the flat plough-land is several miles away, but as much time as possible is given to "book-learning," though the University standard cannot yet be reached. If sufficient financial aid is forthcoming, it is hoped later to take over a large estate of 1,500 acres, a few miles down the river. Its buildings would house 300 children, it has plough and meadow land, orchards, an irrigation system, workshops, a big brick kiln, a large motor-driven mill. This would make a self-supporting agricultural college, while the monastery in the hills would be used for the younger children, where they would learn hand-industries and hand-farming. The most urgent needs at present are leather (for shoes), a sewing machine, medicines and money. Inquire from C.I.S., Devonshire House, 136 Bishopsgate, London, E.C.2.

SWEDEN.—*Disarmament* proposals are being considered by the Government. The military budget rose from 59½ million kronar in 1901 to nearly 300 during the war and now stands at about 220 (over £12,000,000). All parties realize that this is excessive. The Liberal and Social Democrats, believing in the increasing international guarantees for peace, favor large reductions. The Conservatives and Agriculturists quote Denmark's proposed disarmament as ground for a greater responsibility of Sweden for Baltic defense. It is expected that no decision on disarmament will be taken until after the Geneva Protocol is ratified.

The idea of a Pan-Europe, discussed at the Peace Conference in Berlin in October has been criticized by Dr. A. Nilsson in an article in *Nya Vägar* for November 15. He affirms that a Pan-Europe would give an impetus to a Pan-American, Pan-Asia or Pan-Africa Movement, and considers that the League of Nations with an adequate Court of Justice and a World Parliament would carry more weight, and that its judgment would be more authoritative and popular than a Pan-European judgment.



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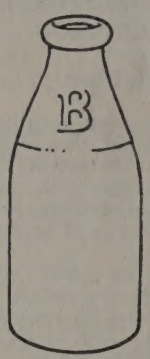

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